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The plays and poems of L ...



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T H E
PLAYS AND POEMS

OF



IN THREE PARTS.

New York:
DELISSER & PROCTER, 508 Broadway.
1859.

P A R T I.

E V A

A TRAGIC POEM

IN ONE SCENE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LOTHARIO, *betrothed of Eva.*

EVA, *a Nun.*

E V A

SCENE is laid in the Garden of a Convent.—TIME, Night.

LOTHARIO (*crouched behind a shrub*).

Softly, ye winds !

Oh, softly ! lest your boisterous howl beggar
This golden moment of its prize. Thou heart,
Be still ! Aye, stiller than a cradled child !

Hark ! was it fancy ?

Could it be the sultry summer-breathings
Stirring the shrubs ? 'Tis the hour she spends
Here, at her sweet orisons ! Hist ! There is
A voice, a dulcet voice ! fanning up the
Fires of my soul—and *I am here*—crouched,
And culprit-like, to gaze, one moment, on

My Eva's face—unseen ! unheard !

O years !

O days ! O vigil-nights ! *dead are ye all*
 To me ! And sweet-faced phantom joy gives up
 Her spirit now, in my despair ! Hush ! hush !
 She comes ! O God ! 'Tis she !

[Enter *Eva* in nun's veil—walking
 slowly—eyes upturned, and hands
 clasped upon her breast.]

LOTHARIO. Eva ! my bride ? my beautiful
 bride ?

EV_A. Thou here ? Lothario ?

LOTHARIO. Oh ! blest the hour that brings me
 to thy feet !

My Eva ! Life and soul are thine !
 Here, at thy feet, behold thy homage—look
 Upon me—look, gentle Eva ! *lest I die !*

EV_A. *Thou here ?*

LOTHATIO. Here : braving years of absence ;
 braving

The wild, wild waves—braving *all* for thee !

How ? Know you not *me* ? *Lothario* ?

EVA. Better the dead, than the untrue !

Better the waves of Eternity !

LOTHARIO. *Eva* ! my own bride !

EVA. Better the sombre veil—than life, and
all

Its roses ! Better the wail of sins, within

A maiden's breast—*than the music of Love* !

Oh ! better the curse of Hell !

Than—false—Lothario !

LOTHARIO. *Eva* ! My own betrothed ! O
Eva, see !

At thy feet I kneel—and as the Angel

Of my Life—do beg thy love !

EVA. Away ! False Lothario ! I am the
Bride of Heaven !

LOTHARIO. False ? Thou art my
World !—My life !

EVA. I am the bride of Heaven !

LOTHARIO. Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

Not mine ?

No more to ramble through the harvest-fields
Watching the sunbeams glow upon thy cheeks ?
While birds wing to their nestling place, and
Flower-cups open to the evening dews ?

No more

To follow the meandering brook—and
Sit upon its borders, wreathing garlands,
While a sweet, soul-voice whispers in our
Spirits, “*What is Love?*” Can I hold this
Plighted hand in mine no more ?—*No more?*
Eva ! *once mine*—speak to me.

EV A. Art thou here to crown a dead heart
With new thorns—new vows ? No more !
Away !

LOTHARIO. Alas ! I—am—here—to—die !

[*Looks upon Eva despairingly as if
for aid—while he draws a dagger
from his doublet.*

Eva !

Touch me not with thy pure hand ! Despair
Cankers *all that was good of me*—and sin
Walks in triumph through my soul !

Eva, the bride of Christ !

Save me !

Tell me, what is heaven ?

EVA. Heaven is that blessed bourne, where
eyes weep

Not—in whose shining gates, sorrow can
Never cast her shadow ; pain, nor despair
Ever enter to disturb the sweet serenity
Of the eternal feast prepared for the
Faithful fold !

[LOTHARIO resting upon the sward,
with closed eyes, seems scarcely to
hear.]

LOTHARIO. To die unloved !

EVA. Heaven is the home of God—in whose
Bosom the weary head is pillow'd—whose

Hand breaks every manacle—whose voice
Awakens *everlasting bliss*—and dries
The tears upon the humblest cheek
Of those—

LOTHARIO. Thou Bride of Christ ! Save me !
What is heaven ? Speak—quickly !

EVA. Of those who love his will!

LOTHARIO. O Eva ! Thou hast left me—
Thou lovest me no more !

My soul is rent
And bitter waters overwhelm me !
Save me !
Save me ! if thou lovest our God.

[He draws his dagger and is in the act of plunging it in his breast.

[EVA lays her hand upon him, touched
by his love, says in gentle tones

Grief (among the children of men), *I loved*
Thee. Prayers, and misery, counted the
Sad hours of years—waiting, and watching
And pining on, till the fires of passion
Scorched and blighted the feelings, that so long
Had nourished them—and they died—
Died like summer-plants, of their *own sun's rays*.
Then, the fire that drank up its
Own life—went out—

[She leans closer to LOTHARIO, and
whispers lowly and despairingly.

And there was left
A desert! A barren waste! No bloom—no
Life! As far as human soul could reach
Naught—naught—*save utter darkness!*

[She grows paler with agony, and
leans closer to LOTHARIO as her
voice becomes fainter.

Then, descended
A seraph, with shining hair, bearing a

Cross—and in this fearful waste, planted his
 Sacred burden. And I was the bride
 Of Christ. He bore upon his wings
 My sorrowing love, and as a marriage
 Pledge, left me the cross—that I may have
 Eternal light—and know eternal joy !

[*She bends closely to LOTHARIO, laying her hands on his.*

Lothario ! Come ! I—love—Ah !

[*She dies.*

LOTHARIO. O God ! that icy clasp !
 Those hands !—Death ?—Eva,
 My saving angel ! Thou didst spare me the
 Eternal curse of banishment from thee
 And God ! and I come, I—I—join thee
 In those blessed spheres—where thy seraph, with
 His shining cross has led thee—
Where the pure in heart see God !
 Eva, my Saving Angel, I come—
 I come—Eva, my Saving Angel !

[*LOTHARIO dies.*

PART II

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD DE BELMONT.

EARL OF EGLESTONE.

EARL OF LENTNORE, *married to Rosalie.*

OTho, *blind chief of the Gipsies.*

Two Gipsy guards, etc.

Servants of Belmont Castle.

EDITH DE BELMONT, *mother of Rosalie.*

ROSALIE.

MALVINA, *old Gipsy sister of Otho.*

YNEZ, *attendant of Edith de Belmont.*

A TRAGIC POEM

ACT I.—SCENE FIRST.

A Forest with Gipsy Camps—TIME, Night, and two Gipsy Guards are sitting near a Fagot-fire.

1ST GIP. Ugh ! The wind is sharp ! and
The woods are bare !

2^D GIP. Yes : and sleep
Were better than watching through the
Leafless boughs—all night.

1ST GIP. What time o' night is it ?

2^D GIP. The night-stars are yet high, in
Their course—but, forsooth ! I ween, the
Treasure is not worth the trouble.

1ST GIP. But, you know

The maiden weeps, and will not be
Comforted—her pensive lips are mute:
And her soft eyes look like patches
Of a spring sky. Besides, she pines
Through the rudeness of our life.

2ST GIP. Yes; a palace
Is different to the camp-life
Of Gipsies—Ugh! this wind!

1ST GIP. Perchance the young nobleman
Had naught in view; but, old Malvina
Says, as she, with the young damsel
Was walking in the woods to gather
Herbs, a horseman, young and gay, cross't
In their path—and, sudden as the
Lightning's flash, the maid threw down
A clasp of her bodice.

2D GIP. Fie! fie! Old Malvina's tales!
Her seeings ever come to naught.

1ST GIP. Of a truth, she is garrulous; but
With the story: The young knight captured

The clasp—but the girl came back to
The camp with the gipsy.

2D GIP. Pooh ! Pooh ! why not give her over
In ransom to the knight ? Should he
Be enamored of her, he will
Make us all rich, and we need no
More watch over the sick turtle dove.

1ST GIP. The chief man ! the chief. Three
Months have given her his tender
Love—she is his daughter now.

2D GIP. Ugh ! Ugh !

1ST GIP. Besides,
Malvina is her mother now,
And when she reads to the old
Blind chief, his ears *drink* in the
Sounds, and he commends her
To his sister's care ; but, of a truth,
Something's on the stir. Malvina
Has of late grown serious—little
Saying to the chief—and wand'ring

Much time with the maid, none know
Whither.

2D GIP. Hist ! man, what is that ?

1ST GIP. Naught but the dead branches fall-
ing—

Devil take this night !

2D GIP. What ! hear you not ?

1ST GIP. Hear what ?

2D GIP. Again ! Listen !

1ST GIP. Hush ! I do hear—look ! under the
Bare boughs—something white.

2D GIP. Ethereal like—shall we call ?

1ST GIP. No—no—be still ! 'Twas a spirit—
Or something resembling. I see
Nothing now.

2d GIP. Speak to it !

Shout ! Ring the woods !

1ST GIP. The night is thick in darkness ! and
The white mantled thing fluttered so
Far under the bleak trees ! Besides,

A good spirit, man, would hardly
Stir further on such a night.

2D GIP. Holy Mother, preserve us ! There
It is ! A woman ! or a ghost !

1ST GIP. What a pale, pale, spirit ! Hear !
It moans ! It comes ! Sainted Virgin !

2D GIP. Sainted Mother, defend us !

[They flee.

SCENE SECOND.

Enter EDITH DE BELMONT clad in White—Feet bare—torn with Thorns—Pilgrim's Staff in Hand—pale with Grief—and uttering her first Words, sinks upon the Ground.

EDITH. My child ! Oh, my child !

Canst thou

Not hear these words that break
Thy mother's heart ? Rosalie ! Rosalie !
Yes : you jealous woods and caves ! crack
Your voices with her sweet name when
I call. A mother has lost her

Child—and these bleeding feet will crush
 The wildest flowers of every clime,
 'Till my sweet pet rests in this bosom !

[*She stretches forth her arms, and
 in a smothered voice cries.*

My child !

I cannot behold thee ! Come ! come !
 My lord sits in thy dead father's
 Halls, and revels. Painted cheeks rest
 In his cold bosom. And his
 Perjured tongue utters not one solace
 To thy mother's grief !

[*Enter old MALVINA with her bun-
 dle of herbs which she deposits.*

MAL. Who art thou ?

Woman in flesh—or spirit ? What
 Pallor !

EDITH. Alas ! I live !

Good Gipsy, thou art accustomed
 To the perusal of human sorrows—
 Hast thou known ever *one* like mine ?

MAL. Poor soul ! what taketh thee out on
Such a night—hast thou no fireside ?

EDITH. O Aie ! Spare me ! Know you
not

The charity of home sympathy
Is oftentimes ruder than winter blasts ?
And thorns that, at its own fireside
Make the heart bleed, are keener far
Than those that tear the feet ? Speak !

MAL. (*Takes her hand pityingly.*)

I know thy grief :

Be thou comforted—but not through
Thy affections ; for thy lord is
Cruel !

EDITH. No ! no ! Look in these drowned
eyes—

Tell me my grief—I like to
Hear it. Words are like probes
That irritate the wound to pleasant
Poignancy.

MAL. Woman-sister ! affection thou
Wantest. The footprint of death is
Near thee. Thou art dying the death
Of thousands—high—and low !

EDITH. (*Screaming with impatient agony.*)

Oh ! can you
Not see that I have lost my child ?
Why will you not say, “ Rosalie—
Sweet Rosalie !—is lost to her
Mother, whose eyes must not
Close again until they behold
Her.” You, who read sorrow—who are
A woman, perchance a mother,
Can you not read *mine* in this poor
Countenance ?

MAL. Saw you not two guards here ?

EDITH. Yes ;

They fled—they took me for a
Spirit.

MAL. And like one are you, poor sufferer !

Come, I will guard now—and you must
Sit—and rest here until dawn.

EDITH. Wherefore rest for the body, when
The soul burns in misery ?

MAL. Nay—I go to feed the frightened
Senses of the guards—that they
Disturb us not here—I will watch
For them : and you will rest all night
With me.

EDITH. Thy voice is kind—
And kindness I so need ! Love me
A little while—till I die—for
My child is gone—and—I—*must*—die !

MAL. I know it—know all—and for thy
Poor sake, and the sake of the fair
Child, I, too, love, I will betray (though
I do grieve) *an old blind man* !

EDITH. Rosalie ? My Rosalie ?

MAL. Yes.

EDITH. Speak quickly or I die.

MAL. My brother is chief of these
Gipsies,

EDITH. Well—speak !

MAL. Is loved of all the tribe—is kind
And ever faithful to his sister.

EDITH. On ! on ! Save me !

MAL. Fair woman—he is old—
And—*blind*—with little to love in
This bitter world, save her who stands
Before you—*his only traitor*
Of all the tribe !

EDITH. Rosalie ! Where, where is she ?

MAL. Yes ; I, too, know a mother's love—
These withered arms have cradled many
Tender buds—cut off—ere they blossomed—
And for these—and the sake of your
White dove, I will lay her
In your bosom.

Mark you, woman ! she is the old man's
Life—*the blind old man !*

But *she is your child!*

Come—I pray you rest
Until I come !

[*EDITH sinks upon the sward, with outstretched arms—cries in a smothered voice.*

EDITH. Good angel ! wilt thou bring her to
These arms ? These—arms ?

MAL. I will !

[*Exit Gipsy.*

[*EDITH swoons—and in rush three officers with Ynez, searching after EDITH—they thus find her.*

SCENE THIRD.

YNEZ. Oh ! my poor mistress ! She is dead !
What a state for a lord's wife ! Oh !
Oh ! oh ! oh !

1ST OFF. Haste ! let us take her !

2D OFF. Yes [*lifting her up*] ; my lord's man-
date !

“ *Dead or alive.*”

3^D OFF. Yes; poor countess! and while she swoons,

She will not resist us.

YNEZ. She does not breathe! Oh! Oh!

2^D OFF. What good has here perished!

1ST OFF. She only swoons—let us away
And lay her in her lord's arms.

3^D OFF. God forbid! that there she should Revive.

[*Exeunt with EDITH in their arms.*

ACT II.—SCENE FIRST.

Camp Scene of Gipsies—Enter MALVINA.

MAL. Gone ! gone indeed ! was she—poor soul !

And still—'twere well !

For the white dove was not for the
Arms of Lord Eglestone—yet—had
She stayed, it would have drawn the
Sunshine of a mother's blessing
To their dim marriage altar. Well !
Well is it thus.

I have robbed
A blind old man of his last love.
Aye ! these withered nerves grow weaker,
In thinking of his barren life—
I—can—no—more !

[*Sinks down overcome.*

Malvina !

Once a tender child ! A wife—a mother—
What blow is this—thou hast dealt ? Ruin !
Ruin ! ruin ! But,
These two beings touched the only
Chords that give music : snapped, indeed,
Are they too ! Still, the heart that has
Bled and died—quivers still through *that*
Universal law of animal life ! Thus, gave I
The dove—to her gallant lover's arms :
And these lips, in uttering a
Mother's blessing—cursed the evening
Of a weary life ! Hark ! he is near—

[Leans aside.

My brother ! Oh ! “Guilty” cries my soul !

[She stands apart unperceived by
OTho and his Gipsy guard, who
enter.

OTho. Where is Malvina ? Hast thou
Seen her ?

GUARD. No, chief

OTHO. And Rosalie ! Rosalie !

My life's darling ! I am calling
Thee ! Thou knowest these sightless orbs
Can never behold thee—sweet fawn !
But I am listening for thy step ;
And thy voice to cheer me ! lead me
To her, Guard—to young Rosalie !

GUARD. Chief, the Fawn has fled—she is
Not in all the camp, nor field !

OTHO. Fled ! She went for sweet flowers,
The child so loves ! No, no ! she was
Too true to break an old—
What say you ? Guard you not nightly ?
Did you not watch well my birdie's
Cage ? *I trusted you !*

GUARD. Yes, chief; but of late the maiden
Went forth but little. At the sunset
Hour, over the hills, she always
Strayed : with hood and basket—but you

Know, chief, she was the light of the
Camp, ever at nightfall.

OTHO. Yes, yes—Returning with her
Gatherings of wood flowers, her
Hood thrown off her sweet, cool face : my
Old, withered soul felt she was beautiful
As good ! Pray, let me sit !

[*Sits feebly down.*

Tell me, Tell me of her !

GUARD. Two days hence, the sunset-moon
sank ;
And night came quickly on : but not
The maid. I watched—till anxious for
Her coming—but in vain ! Then up
The hills I ran, in her footsteps—
But nowhere was she found. On, on
I sped, groping a weary way
Through the thick darkness of the night—
Until I stood near the black stone
Chapel of the village church—its

Aisles closed for ages—and its galleries
Crumbled in the path of travellers !

OTHO. Enough ! I know ! 'Tis an ill omened
Spot ! *I was wedded there !*

And, mind you ! all vows made there are
By Heaven broken—and their hearts
Laid waste. Speak on !

[*MALVINA writhes at this recital
in double despair.*

GUARD. Well, good chief ! e'en while I paused
To breathe, a faint light trembled forth
From that mass of damp desolation.
I would have fled—but something seized
Me stronger than fear ; and I groped
Along, dragging my body through
The broken pillars, aisles, and ruin.
At last, from a strange height of rubbish
I looked down, where glimmered a wee
Taper ; throwing a frightful glare
Upon the exposed skeletons

Once sepulchered there—*there*, I saw
An altar—*there*, I saw—
Otho (*grasping him in agony*).

What! what saw you?

GUARD. Good chief! I saw your Fawn—
The maid, attired in bridal robes,
Kneeling, with a knight arrayed in
Silver, gold, and precious stones, taking
The sacred vows of marriage—and
Receiving the blessings of an
Old, holy man—and, one other,
Of the camp—that *other* was—

[MALVINA rushes forth, fearing to see
the old man die of all the astounding
story—herself the greatest actor.

MAL. Otho! Brother! I am here—

[To the guard.

Speak thou no more—
For, of a truth, thou hast, with *one*
Blow, struck *two*.

OTho. Malvina ! lead me hence—I am
Blind. Alas ! as sightless now in the
Inner *vision* in which I joyed,
As in these darkened orbs !
But revenge shall quench the last, the
Only spark of life left in this
Stricken breast. For the traitor
Of old blind Otho, *naught but death* !
Dear Malvina ! lead me hence, quickly !

[*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE SECOND.

SCENE represents EDITH DE BELMONT lying on a Couch in the Castle Hall—LORD DE BELMONT sits banqueting in the distant End of the Hall—gay Music is heard—Dancing, Drinking, and all Hilarity, as EDITH opens her Eyes wildly.

EDITH. What ! where am I ?

[*Looks upon the banquet.*]

O ! hateful vision ! Cursed am I
In all things—save in the belief

That *there is a God*—sick ! weary !

Oh ! weary unto death ! Ynez !

YNEZ. Sweet mistress ! What would you ?

EDITH. Ynez—is it thou ? How came I
here ?

Was I ill ? am I ? yes : I hear
That voice of laughter—I live—I
Suffer still !

YNEZ. Sweet mistress !

EDITH. Oh ! such a vision has been
Before me ! wherein I trembled
On the very verge of bliss—but
Alas ! alas ! alas !

Did I sleep ?

YNEZ. Yes, my lady !

EDITH. Then it was a dream.
Methought I wandered forth in
Pilgrim's garb, to search for my dear
Daughter. Woods and wilds compassed me :
Days of fast, and weariness, and

Still worse, despair, were my sad portion—
Until the forest rang with my
Calls ; and reason sank—hopelessly.

Then, my feet
Left footprints of blood—tears scorched out
My sight—darkness came upon me
In a waste—and I laid me down
To die. But, mark you, Ynez ! how
Sweetly changed all this :—my spirit
Fluttered within me, in the suddenness
Of hope, that *Rosalie would hear*
Me, could I call. Strength came—and I
Saw a light afar off—and deep
Within a dell, a gipsy camp.

YNEZ. Oh ! dear mistress !

EDITH. Yes ; and swiftly
I flew—calling ! calling !
When suddenly a face beamed on
Me !

YNEZ. Dear mistress !

EDITH. Yes, Ynez,
She held this hand—and I heard her
Lips utter my sweet child's name. Aye,
Better than I heard those revellers
My heart drank in the sounds—alas !
Alas ! And, so soft were the tones
Of the brawny Gipsy, that
Edith de Belmont laid her weary
Head upon that strong, tender
Bosom—AND BEGGED ITS LOVE !

YNEZ. It was, perchance, a dream—
Dear mistress, *it was a dream !*

EDITH. Well ! The spirit was refreshed—and
I will wear the image of my brawny
Friend, in memory always.
But why am I here, Ynez ? what
Do I in this banquet hall ? Those
Sounds are like molten lead within
Me. Lead me away, good Ynez !
I tremble so !

YNEZ. My lord wished your presence—
With message to await his pleasure
Here. You are weary—
Rest, rest, I beseech you, good mistress !

EDITH. My lord ! Weary ! Yes ;
Very weary. At times,
I think me like the dove that went
Forth from the ark, destined to
Return no more to her haven.
Have you seen the Earl of Eglestone ?

YNEZ. Yes ; my lord and the earl have held
Long discourse—and much banqueting.
The wedding feast prepares—and all
Have orders to bring the bride.

EDITH. Enough, good Ynez ! leave me here—
I hear those steps ! he comes—go ! go !
I pray you go !

[*Staggering from her couch, she stands erect, clutching a chair.*

SCENE THIRD.

SCENE represents a Garden of the Castle of the EARL OF LENT-NORE—MALVINA sitting, her Head upon her Hands—pale, haggard, and waiting for ROSALIE—Enter ROSALIE—runs to MALVINA, and sits at her Feet.

ROSALIE. Mother of our joys! good, good
Malvina! Nay—I do love thee
Till I grow weak in very fondness!
Here would I lull me with thy fond
Words!

[*Lays her head upon MALVINA's knees.*

MAL. Child! Wife, thou art now!
The path of childhood's joy lies far,
Far behind thy steps! Oh! *far*,
Indeed!

[*She shudders.*

ROSALIE. Well, my old guardian! how now?
Why, bless thy old loving heart! Canst
Thou be cast down because thy

Birdie left the cage of thy wild
Camps for a bright home where love dwells ?
Thou wilt come to the home of the
Earl's wife, and she will sit under
Thy mantle, just as did the frightened
Girl to whom *thou wast so kind !*
Come to my cheer and comfort.

[MALVINA looking singularly wierd-like, still crouched.

MAL. Child ! wife ! I sent for thee, *here*.
My business is one of *Death*—not
Life—nor Love—nay ! touch me not !
The touch of affection is no more
For Malvina. In this heart, where
Its stream once flowed in sunny warmth,
There is naught but a dry, rocky
Channel.

ROSALIE. Can I hear ? Malvina ! is it thou ?

MAL. I have heard the curse of the old,
Dying man—*whose blood is mine*

Without thee, he has no life ; and
Little deems the death sentence he
Has pronounced, *lops off the last branch !*

ROSALIE. Malvina ! thou die ? Oh ! oh, no !

[MALVINA pulling her down before
her—her own grey locks falling
over the shoulders of the young
countess.

MAL. Swear ! By the heaven above us—
By the heaven I call to bless
Your marriage vows—to aid me, and
Consent to all I ask !

ROSALIE. My second mother !

MAL. Swear ! by the dark stone chapel—
And the grinning dead, who witnessed
There your vows. Swear !
By the sorrow that will drown your
Young soul—by the fire that will blight,
Wither, scorch, snap every chord of
Thy pure heart—whose flame is already

So near, that it seems to glow
Around me—swear! swear!

[*Rosalie covers her face in her hands, and cries in a smothered voice.*

Rosalie. O Malvina! Second mother!
I swear! I—swear!

MAL. Malvina, who found thee in the
Cold woodlands of thy mother's colder
Lord, who kept thee in safe shelter
From that serpent-nest—the arms of
Lord Eglestone! Malvina, who so
Loved thee, that she gave thee to thy
Lover's arms, there, watching the sunset
Glow upon thy sweet cheeks for many,
Many days! Malvina, who has
Killed an old, blind man! who stood with
Thee at the dim altar on that
Fatal night, among the staring
Dead! My child! Malvina is

To be burned to death, by Otho's
Will ! and in his presence !

The traitor

Who robbed him of his life's blessing
Is condemned to die—but never
Shall he know *who burns*—I have bought
The silence of the camp—and, swear
Thou, to aid this, my last aim in
Life !
No ! no ! Let me not hear thy voice—
I will burn. Thy mother's prayers
Prevailed ! I was once a child ! a
Mother !

[She falls upon ROSALIE's neck, and
suddenly lifting her bony arm, out-
stretched, points through the trees.

Rosalie ! wife ! Look up ! The plait
Of thorns that life and love weave is
Ready for thee ! The flame ! look !
It flies to devour thee ! Oh,

My dove ! These old arms cannot *now*
Shelter thee as once ! No ! no !

[Enter servants of the Castle of
Lentmore.]

SERV. Oh, my lady ! my lady ! Woe ! woe !
My lord has been killed in combat
With the Earl of Eglestone—near
The park of Lentmore. Lying now
Dabbled in his gore ! Oh, oh, oh !
So good to all was he !

[ROSALIE, giving her hand to MAL-
VINA, says in suffocating tones.]

ROSALIE. Good Malvina !
Lead me to my mother's bosom—
Hers was my first pillow !
Will be my last ! Lead me
To the Halls of the Lord de Belmont—
There thou mayst leave me !

[Extends her arms to MALVINA and
cries.]

Malvina ! my second mother !

Take me !

MAL. Yes ; these hands decked thee in thy
Bridal sweetness—and they alone
May put on thy sable robes.
To-morrow come thou to thy
Gipsy home. Bring thy mother,
That she may *see and know*, a wife's,
A mother's love, is stronger far
Than life ! Come, now, to thy
Father's halls.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT III.—SCENE FIRST.

SCENE represents the Palace of De Belmont—LORD DE BELMONT—and EDITH standing against her Couch for Support.

LORD DE B. Madam, where is your daughter ?
Why stand you thus before me ? Has
Dumbness turned into one of your
Accomplishments ?

EDITH. My lord, I know not where she is.
I am weary of her absence—
Unto death ! but of her marriage.

LORD DE B. Enough ! enough ! All matters
are
Arranged. The wedding feast awaits
Her coming. *To morrow's sun shall*
See her coupled to Lord Eglestone.
Mind you ! he is the blackest fiend

I ever knew ; but debts oppress,
And all is cancelled with her hand.

EDITH. Oh, my lord ! Spare me ! Spare me !
See, on my knees I beseech your
Clemency ! Have you no thought of
A mother's love ? Is there *no spark*
Of human sympathy in your
Breast ?

LORD DE B. Faugh ! faugh ! leave off thy
simpering—
'Tis loathsome. Go ! make ready for
The Bridal. Enough have I put off
The fiendish lover. Three months have I
Searched far and wide for the willful
Bride—yet knows he not that the bird
Has flown ; and to-morrow I will
Have thy daughter given to her
Lord—for 'tis the last day he extenuates
In our contract. The search sure—
She must and shall be found ! Go !

Go madam, and deck for the bridal !

Ha ! ha ! ha !

[*EDITH staggers out unassisted—while
LORD DE BELMONT sits down to write.*

SCENE SECOND.

Enter ROSALIE veiled in Black—advancing slowly.

ROSALIE. To these halls—of my—dead father
I return—more dead—than living !

LORD DE B. Ho, ho, youngster ! they have
caught

You at last, have they ?

ROSALIE. Whom do you address ?
I came here freely. Where is my mother ?

LORD DE B. Off, blubbering about you—her
Child, possessing the filial duty
To run off—God knows where—and
With whom !

ROSALIE. Monster ! Do you dare thus
Insult me in *these* walls ? the child

Of her whose heart has bled its last
Drop, through your wrongs ! whose life
Has ever been passive slavery
To your more than base will !
Can you thus dare ?

LORD DE B. Come, now, young bride ! in these
Hands are you, and their clutch is
Iron ! ha ! ha ! ha !

ROSALIE. Vilest of men ! Off ! off !
Through *you* has come the ruin of
Our lives ! Oh, my dear, fond mother !
You it was who tore, in cruelty,
These loving arms from her neck !
You it was who frightened away
Her child from her fond bosom !
And these lips, that should have been near
For the sweet words of sympathy,
Were driven far away ! while she
Was left to thy ruthless infidelity !
Vilest, vilest, man !

LORD DE B. But, hark you ! fair Rosalie !
Ruin stares me in the face—thou art
Rich in the possession of Lord
Eglestone's fortune—and hand—he
Only asks thy love—and all my debts
Are wiped away. Listen ! thy mother
Will have no home.

ROSALIE. Oh, my mother ! The fountain
Of my heart is not dry—but—petrified !

LORD DE B. Hear me ! hear me ! All is ready—
The feast prepares—nay, more ! thy
Mother sanctions all. Save me ! save me !
The Lord of Eglestone is here—
All, all, awaiting thy consent.
To spare thy mother the possession
Of her ancestors' halls. Come, sweet !

ROSALIE. He here ? The Lord of Eglestone
Sheltered within these walls ?

LORD DE B. Yes ; and waiting with all
The fire of impatience for thee !

ROSALIE. Then, here I may not rest this
Weary head. Nay ! I may not die
Here.

[*To LORD DE BELMONT.*

I go now
To the Gipsy camp, beyond the
Woodlands of Lentmore ; but ere I
Go, swear thou to me—
Down ! down on thy knees, before me !

[*He kneels.*

Know, then,
That I hate the Earl—more than
Any tongue could express !
Swear that you will come to the camp
At the midnight hour. Bring my
Mother ! thy wronged wife ! I will
Tell you nothing here—under the same
Roof with him—but, come thou to the
Camp, and the midnight moon
Will witness there our settlement—

Of all thy sins, registered by
The All Good and just ! Swear,
Or I leave thee thus !

[LORD DE B., seizing her hand,
attempts to detain her.

LORD DE B. Oh, I do swear ! Thou wilt not
Desert me ! *You shall not !* Ruined
Man that I am ! Rosalie !
Rosalie !

ROSLIE. No, no ! *I will be there ! Fear not !*
For even in thy weakness it
Were folly. Bring thy wife.

LORD DE B. But the Earl ? My life is in his
Hands. He demands thee for *to-morrow*—
Even now he awaits thy coming.

ROSLIE. No ! your life is not in *his* hands.
Bring him *there.* Swear !
Swear to all !

LORD DE B. Yes, Yes ; too willingly I swear.
Do not go ! I am lost ! lost !

ROSALIE. Thou art, indeed !
Pray thou this night !
And come to-morrow at the
Midnight hour.

But, stay !

Say not you saw me. Spare that
Pain to my blessed mother !
Remember, I will do naught without
Her presence. Remember !

[*Exit ROSALIE, leaving LORD DE B. grasping after her robes—on his knees.*

LORD DE B. Have I let slip again
My only hope ? By the Lord !
I am driven to madness ! Fool !
Fool that I was ! But her wan,
Pale countenance spell-bound me !
And my grasp loosened, as by magic,
From her black vesture !

Has God himself

Abandoned me ?

[*Throws himself upon the floor.*

SCENE THIRD.

SCENE is Night—the Moon is setting behind the Gipsy Camp—the blind old Chief is seated in the Midst of all the Tribe—many Men bearing the Arms of Lentmore are lurking in the Rear—ROSALIE is crouched, unseen—and EDITH is standing pale—and dying, beside the LORD DE BELMONT.

[MALVINA rushing forth in her weird-like garments and flowing locks.

MAL. The blood of Lentmore
Is on thy soul ! Vengeance cries
Against thee ! Earl of Eglestone !
Seize him ! Let him die !

EDITH. Oh, the dream ! My gipsy-friend
My child ! Oh, my God !

[Staggers towards MALVINA.

ROSALIE (*rushing forth*).

Stand back, you bearers
Of Lentmore arms. *I am the wife*

Of the Earl of Lentmore, whom you

[*To EGLESTONE.*

So cruelly did murder !

And

The hand his love for him did win,

Will avenge his death !

[*She plunges a dagger in the breast of
the EARL OF EGLESTONE, who dies.*

[*Rushes to EDITH, who folds her arms
around her, while ROSALIE lays her
mother's head upon her bosom.*

EDITH. Oh, my child ! With my last ray
Of life I behold thee ! I—die—

Rosalie ! Ro—sa—l—

[*She dies.*

OTHO (*groping about*).

What ! what is all this ?

Rosalie ! my fawn !

Where art thou ? Let me feel thy sweet

Face once more ! Rosalie ! Rosalie !

Where ?—where ?

ROSALIE (*kissing her dead mother*).

Oh, my good angel !

My mother ! Woe ! woe ! woe !

[*Springing up, she points to LORD DE BELMONT, while the scene is all a-glow with the red glare of the flames already made.*

Men of Lentmore ! hark !

That fiend was the ruin of all

Who loved and cared for you !

[*She stabs herself and falls beside her mother—the LORD DE BELMONT is seized by the enraged men (his cries suffocated) and flung into the fire prepared for MALVINA.*

[*OTHO, discovering ROSALIE is dead, cries in despair.*

OTHO. Where ? where, is the gipsy traitor ?
Let him burn now ! Woe, woe,
Forever hangs over the stone chapel !

Oh, my fawn ! Oh, my sweet dove !
Where is the traitor ? Let him perish !

[*MALVINA mounts the flame and leaps within.*

MAL. Otho ! *Malvina was thy traitress !*
She burns to expiate thy grief !
Forgive her ! for she loved thee !
And, although she deceived so deeply,
Yet she loved—e'en—thy misfortune.
Forgive—forgive thy sister.

[*OTHO stretches forth his arms.*

OTHO. Malvina ! Malvina !

[*He springs forward and rushes within the flames.*

PART III.

BALLADS, ETC.

BALLAD.

DARK night hung o'er the moorland !
A storm raged o'er the deep !
While one stood on the barren beach,
A long, lone watch to keep.

Billows heaved ! The storm was fierce !
But, oh ! the maiden's cries
Were fiercer than the tempest's rage,
That seemed to rend the skies.

Her golden locks were torn, and tossed,
And damp by the cold death-spray,
That first blew o'er the stiffened corse
Of her lover—far away !

The storm sank to a baby's rest,
In the bosom of the sea—
A noiseless wave kiss'd the tender feet
That bled on the barren lea.

But, lo ! the wave a burden laid
Upon the dark, cold strand ;
A form was in the maiden's arms :
A hand was in her hand !

Thus, they whose hearts were *one* in life,
(Vows made among the roses,)
Each in the other's arms, in death,
Deep in the sea reposes.

SONG.

THE ROSE.

AMONG the “flowers of perished years”
That sweetly bloom in every breast,
A rose, a lovely rose, appears,
More fragrant, far, than all the rest.

Its petals are deep crimson dyed,
. With Hope, in Passion’s early glow—
When youth upon its fragrant tide,
Flowed with the gushing spirit’s flow.

And in the moonlight of our years,
We still the glowing rose may see ;
For then its life-dews are our tears ;
Its living bloom, Eternity !

It opes in beauty when we love—
And closes when that love is fled :
But feelings death cannot remove,
In Heaven bloom—when *we* are dead.

NOON.

I LOVE the slanting shadows of a summer noon—
The cool and drowsy ripple of the flowing stream ;
I love the stillness of the quiet summer air,
That dimples now and then upon the ripening
grain
A gentle wave ; and bends the silent, nodding
trees,
And stirs the vine.

At noon, upon the distant plain
I watch the dancing of the flitting shades, and
feel
The softness of the quiet scene. Then the buzzing
Of the summer bee—the careless carol of the
Wanton bird—the lazy winging of the gaudy

Butterfly—these lend a sweet influence to the Hour, and the rushing swiftness of the waking dawn

Sinks into dreamy reveries, that float upon The still repose of noon.

See ! a bank
Of freshest turf! whose stream is lingering near its

Pebbly edge, and mirroring in its silvery face
The heavy shadows of the spreading trees that group

Upon the lawn. Lambs are lolling upon the slope

Of a distant hill ; and from a clump of elms in Its lovely vale, the smoke of a wee cottage shows Against the sky. Above all this, the pinion of The silent noon is unfurled in perfect loveliness ! Yet, 'tis not the hour to fear, to hope, to love, or Even live ; to create vain desire, or dream of Things we love. It is an hour when the wearied

Spirit floats upon a peaceful rest. Amid this
Pictured noon, gazing on all its gentle, speaking
Beauties, life forgets itself—and the heart, like a
Sorrowing dove—nestles 'neath the wing unfurled
Above the scene, and fills—with sweet repose and
peace—

The gliding beauty of my “Noon Picture.”

SONG.

THE LOVED OF EARLY YEARS.

THE loved of early years ! oh where
Are they ? Gone like the summer's bloom !
Some came and smiled—some sowed the tare—
And some—are gathered to the tomb !

All silent in the grave at last !
Some to the spirit-home are borne—
While others, buried with the Past,
We weep for—and as dead we mourn.

THE WINTER VOICE OF GOD.

HIGH and bare peer the tall trees 'mid the
Forest gloom,

And lifting their long leafless arms up to
The far-

Off blue of heaven, they lend a howling
Dirge to the

Cold winter blasts : thus mournfully
They stand, like stern

Sentinels, where *all is Death!*

And the
Grassy margin of the summer brook,

Where violets
Wink at the soft spring breeze, and lilies
Droop, and bathe

Their fragrant heads—and Love sits to
Muse on future
Days—while the willow showers its
Sheen of golden
Bloom, the bees send forth their dozy
Hum, and birds sing
Merrily from every nook and shady copse—
Sear !

Oh, sear are now the dreamy borders, and
Dry and
Still the pebbly bed : “ Cold and drear ! ”
Sighs every passing
Wind. “ Oh ! cold and dead ! ” whisper
The spirits of the
Sweet spring-flowers and leaves.
The sun streams through the silent bowers
So grey
And leafless ! with a sickly smile, and
Looks upon
A scene of solemn death, where all *Beauty*,
Fragrance,

*Bloom, obey the law of Nature—the voice
Of God!*

The hush seems an eternal one (where
Man may learn
A lesson of obedience to command), and
Silently

They await in their *sweet death* the
Spring-voice of their

Maker, wherein every hue and breath of
Nature

Will burst forth with one loud voice of
Song,

In their *blooming, fragrant, anthem*, that
Seems to say

“*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*”

SPRING.

GREEN are the boughs, and bending
In the full promise of Spring ; and
Like sweet smiles over the glad earth
The flower-cups droop, laden with a
Fragrance that feasts the laughing airs.
The hills—the dark old hills ! and copses
Are glad ; the stern torrents are stern
No more in their murmuring ripples ;
While the birds are whispering to
Themselves of spring and mirth, and beauty
Is dwelling everywhere in the
Young Life-landscape. Hope sits in
The bloom of nature, and speaks in
The glad language of promise ; but

Of *all*, the brightest type lives in
The young heart. Oh ! where the beauty
That may vie with its young dream ? Where
The *Rose that may lend one tint*
To its young thoughts, blushing in their
Own pure excess ? and where the song
Of the glad bird that may teach its
Language *the song of Hope* ? 'Tis a
Song caught from the sphere where angels
Chant it ; and the bloom that tinges
The young heart's dream, may not find its
Counterpart—nor in field—nor garden !

SUMMER.

THE starry clematis is flinging
Fragrance far upon the breeze ;
The merry oriole is swinging
Gaily in the leafy trees.

Dark copses ring, then seem to listen
For their echoes o'er the plain ;
And beams that make the daisies glisten,
Burnish, too, the ripening grain.

Oh ! green the fields in Summer's glory
When the wind and brooklets play !
When the heart's remembered story
Blooms amid the blooming day.

When gentle accents, that, belonging
To a time when mem'ry lives,
Spring in our spirits, fragrant ! throning !
Like the flowers Summer gives.

Who is it wanders through her bowers
With no fragrance from the bloom
Some glad Spring's remembered hours
Fling about her early tomb ?

There is, I ween, a little flower
Closely folded in your breast,
That, in sweet Summer's golden hour
Peeps up from its place of rest ;

And like the sacred Rose, unclosing
Beauty where all life seemed fled !
Say ! is she no brightness disclosing
In thy heart—strewn with the dead ?

ALL WE LOVE.

ALL we love and fondly cherish
In the narrow grave must lie !
Throbbing hearts must humbly perish
In the dust—so silently !

Arms that fold us in affection
In their winding-sheet must fall !
And those of the heart's election
Are e'en taken first of all !

Oaks, whose arms protect and nourish
Many clinging tendrils, die ;
While the vine that loved to flourish,
Lifts its fingers to the sky ;

Vainly struggling with the tempest
Its father's arms so well withstood !
Thus die the young, the old, the blest,
The wicked, cursed, and the good !

SONG.

COME TO ME IN DREAMS.

Oh ! come to me in dreams !
In sweet midnight dreams ;
When silent stars are keeping
Vigil in the streams.

Come to my weary spirit,
Like the midnight gale,
That steals the dewy fragrance
Of the primrose pale ;

And like its breast unclosing
To the still moonbeams,
Unfold thy wings and brighten
Mine in its fond dreams.

That my heart in dreams may smile,
Tho' tears are on my cheek !
Uttering sweet hopes the while
Lips may never speak.

“THE NIGHT OF DEATH DRAWS NEAR.”

COME !

By the seaside and watch the waves—
The restless waves ! Stretching forth their
Ever reaching arms, out to their
Silent shores ! The tearful murmurs
Of the ocean’s voice, bring to your
Ear the doomed sigh—“ never more !”
While the eager tide lashes e’en
Your footprints, and vision turns within
The soul to watch the echo-waves
Of joy and grief—the *goods* and *ills*
Of life. “ Why can you come no more ?”

Cries out the soul in vain longing,
As the sunny days of life glide
Before that magic mirror where
Memory so loves to dwell ! and look !
Hark ! a voice has breathed upon the
Beauteous surface the solemn
Response : a mist obscures the
Peopled mirror from your sight—and
In awe you hear :
“They can come no more,” “For the night
Of death draws near.”

Attend, thou shepherd who goest
Hand in hand with youth, spring-time and
Flowers : the mountain brook *must* flow
Onward ; and the green leaves in all
Their umbrageous beauty *must* perish
Too, with the wild rose and waving
Dewy grass, that greet and shelter
Thee now. For the days are like the

Notes of thy flute, dropping from the
Fingers of time *into the unseen*
Gulf of Eternity; from whence
They can come no more! "The night of
Death draws near!"

Child of sorrow,
Learn this, and thou wilt have a helping
Hand to bear the burden of a
Weary life; and thou, whose tears have
Never flowed, whose hours are like the
Bright drops glittering in the
Ocean's waves at night, attend! *Sleep*
Thou no more, thou soul! but turn
And look upon that humbled one.
The day is shedding his last light
Upon the upturned eyes that see
No earthly thing; the *weak* arms
Are stretched forth for aid; and the
Weaker soul pants for that all-

Sustaining Power ; while the voice
Gasps—“*What is the end of all things ?*”
The filmy eyes and quivering frame
Reply—“*The night of Death draws near !*”

ODE TO NATURE.

I LOVE to watch the lily fair
Unfold to breathe the sunny air !
I love to watch the sunbeams play
Upon the face of opening day !
Oh ! every beauteous, simple thing,
That smiles upon the breast of spring,
Speaks to my heart a joy untold,
In *all* that wealth and pomp unfold !

I love the carol of the bird !
The song of leaves ! by zephyrs stirred ;
And tinkles of the laughing rill,
My soul, with soothing rapture fill !

These lend enchantment to the day
That darkest dawns upon life's way.
Oh ! when the dear, the loved are gone,
And I am left to mourn alone,

To Nature will I flee and weep !
And on her breast my grief will sleep !
There, cradled in her tenderness,
My spirit will look up and bless
The “Giver of all good,” who sends,
In form so fair, one who befriends
Those whom he loves. *Thro’ her* belong
The offerings of my soul—in song !

“ I KNEW A SPIRIT ONCE.”

I KNEW a spirit once that sank
 Into the tomb ;
And like a withered bud unblown,
 She died in gloom !

Her form was fair—yet frail—as oft
 The lily’s stem ;
Her saddened heart shone thro’ her eye,
 A hidden gem !

And like a tender plant she grew
 In desert wild ;
'Mong rankled weeds, where serpents dwelt,
 Misfortune’s child !

For as her soul in purity
The stranger grew,
She could not love in such a wild,
For none she knew !

Thus, when her nature would unfold
In kindred love,
Her spirit, on the wing of sleep,
Soared above !

Her voice was never heard in song,
Nor did she speak ;
Her cheek wore not one tinge of bloom,
Her eye was meek ;

Just like a fallen beam of light
She shone awhile ;
And when she died, her lovely face
Wore its first smile.

SONNET.

“ NEVER MORE.”

OH ! would ye hear the knell that loudest tolls
The death of bright hearts that else had lived in
Bloom and sunny fragrance ?

Oh ! would ye learn the Ocean-depth that rolls
Deepest within the soul ? Sweeping out far
Upon the golden strand of Present hours
It flings its briny billows to the Past,
And lashes there the echo of the pulse—
“ *Never more.*” In the slow ebbings of age,
Whose measured beatings lash against the tomb,
As in the sunny tide of youth’s sweet
Memories, it dwells—robbing the jewelled
Brow of Hope, and jaundicing the soul’s sweet
Freshness !

SONG

SWEET MEMORIES.

LIKE the soft summer zephyrs of even,
O'ersweeping the flowers with dew,
Comes the breath of sweet memories o'er us,
Vibrating the spirit anew.

Oh ! they give to the bloom of affection
Its hue, and with fragrance embalm
Oft the path, that may lie in a desert
Of years without joy or calm !

Oh ! they scatter bright images round us,
Like rose leaves strewn by the gale—
And the spirit-closed eyes of the loved,
And lips that are silent and pale !

In the halo of memory brighten,
And speak in affection's fond tone !
Say ! can aught like sweet memories bind us
To the land where the blest are borne ?

IMPROPTU

ON PERUSING MOORE'S "LOVE AND REASON."

'Tis said the cold shadow of Reason one day,
From a saunter together drove Cupid away !
'Tis said he in vain spread his wings to the light,
The cold shade of Reason flung o'er him her
blight !

Yet, why should they sever ? Why should they
not rove

Companions forever, through every grove ?

That Cupid was surely the saddest excuse !

While Reason was draped in unwanton abuse !
For, had she but given him the side of the sun,
Their day would have ended bright as it begun.

With Love shedding brightness upon the stern
sage,

They had prov'd the most consistent pair of the
age.

The truth is, *I will say* (with no knowing air),
Tom Moore was (for painting so silly a pair)
Silliest of the three—else poor Love had not run,
But merely *changed sides to be nearest the sun.*

